

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

The author of "Ben Bolt" says it is a poor song, and he ought to know.

To be up to what are called the gum games of this world, it is well to have the eye teeth cut early.

Now that a sash trust has been organized the man who lives in a glass house will have to be doubly careful.

In answer to a correspondent we will state that the play "More than Queen" does not deal with the servant girl problem.

If King Oscar had ever witnessed an American baseball game he would not be so anxious to act as umpire every time occasion offers.

The stockholders of the Standard Oil trust probably regard a 20 per cent dividend as a trifle better than eating dinner with President Hadley.

It shows the force of habit that when some hopeful office aspirant finds their expectations knocked into a cocked hat they use the hat to talk through.

As to English, it is not time to cease declaring that "John Smith was tendered a dinner," when, in fact, it was a dinner that was tendered to John Smith and John was not tendered at all?

Out of 8,000 manuscripts received by an Eastern periodical last year only eighty were found worthy of publication. The authors of the 7,920 that were rejected must have failed to write about war.

While we sympathize with the woman who, driven to desperation by the persistent intoxication of her worse half, poured coal oil over her clothing and set herself on fire, we think that she would have shown better judgment had she played that he was a door mat that was badly in need of dusting with a good hickory club.

"In union is strength." The teachers of Brooklyn have furnished one more proof of the truth of the proverb. The city government, acting on the advice of the city attorney, declined to pay the rate of wages to which the teachers believed themselves by law entitled. The amount thus withheld aggregated nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and in concert, eighteen hundred teachers instituted separate suits. The city, acting as defendant, was liable to a considerable cost; and the city attorney soon found law enough to authorize the settlement demanded by the teachers.

The large endowment recently raised in Northern cities for Gen. Armstrong's beloved school at Hampton, and the practical interest taken in Booker Washington's Tuskegee Institute, are fresh proofs of Whittier's assertion that the black and white races are in tether, and must rise or fall together. The poem with which this rhyme concludes, originated as follows: When Gen. O. O. Howard was working among the negro schools, at the close of the war, he said to a class in Atlanta that he was going North, and inquired what message he should take to the folk up there. There was a dead silence for a moment, when a little fellow in a white jacket looked into the face of the beloved one-armed soldier and replied: "Massa, tell 'em we're risin'."

The petition of the seniors in one of the great colleges to the faculty asking them to suppress the sophomore societies as hotbeds of "exclusiveness," with all that the word implies, indicates a sad state of affairs in the leading universities. It is an admission that in this particular one (and in the other leading universities) the great majority of the students in the successive classes are dominated by the tyranny of snobs, and that they cannot of themselves make a roadway against the supremacy of the very small minority who constitute the "exclusive" set. This is indeed discouraging news to come from a seat of learning. It indicates that the spirit of democratic equality which its President described as the most priceless possession of this institution is in danger, if indeed it has not already been sadly impaired.

The new Dreyfus case which has developed in France—this time in the ministry of marine instead of the war department—is a fitting successor to the Rennes affair. The accused person is—or was—a bureau official named Jean Philippe. He has disappeared, but the evidence against him is said to be convincing. It is alleged, for instance, that this traitor, though he had the fate of Dreyfus before his eyes, was in the habit of sitting down and writing on official stationery offers to foreign governments to sell them information respecting the French navy. To these communications he always signed his full name—a favorite practice of gentlemen who dabble in treason. In short, Monsieur Philippe—if he did what he is charged with doing—would be considered a hopeless lunatic in any other country than France. There he is a dark and bloody conspirator. The French are a singular people.

The announcement that the Paris theaters have increased their prices and that the \$3 hotels have announced a \$9 rate after the opening of the exposition is a poor advertisement for the fair. If the Parisians are going

to double and treble their prices for the fleeing of their visitors it is generous and honorable to announce the fact in advance, but it will not swell the list of guests. It is more than possible that the Paris hotel keepers and tradesmen are counting their chickens ere they have ceased to be eggs. Prices are more or less a matter of supply and demand in an exposition city as elsewhere, and if the Parisians begin by making it impossible for visitors of moderate means to attend the fair they may be glad to lower their exorbitant schedules before long. So far as Americans are concerned, the effect of the news before mentioned is to knock in the head all schemes for getting up cheap excursion parties to attend the exposition. The steamship companies, as well as the Paris tradesmen, have said enough to indicate that the numerous projects for phenomenally cheap trips to the Paris exposition and back are not to be relied upon.

Writing in Education, Prof. James S. Snoddy urges that more attention be paid to English composition in elementary schools. It is true, as he says, that as a boy learns to plow by plowing, so he learns to write by writing. Instead of compelling him to memorize rules and definitions with regard to writing he should be allowed to learn by practice. Not every boy is able to direct himself in the right way, as did Franklin and Lincoln. It is the duty of the teacher to do for the young student what Franklin and Lincoln did for themselves. Prof. Snoddy's suggestion is that the teacher should begin by teaching the pupil to express himself orally, and he should be urged to talk freely of what he has seen and tell his experiences. This, however, is work that should be done largely in the home; the parents should encourage such conversations, although most parents suppress them almost as abruptly as the dormouse was suppressed in "Alice in Wonderland." After the child has been made to talk, Prof. Snoddy says, he should be given an opportunity to write of what he has seen. Meanwhile, he declares that the best aid to correct expression is a knowledge of the best literature, and teachers will do well to follow his advice, which is to begin early and give them as much as possible. The teaching of correct expression orally and in writing should not be neglected in any elementary school, and one might go further than Prof. Snoddy and insist it should begin with the child's first lesson.

The new woman has revenged another of the ancient wrongs of her long-suffering sex. In one striking instance she has turned a worn-out joke on the wife into an exceedingly serious problem for the husband. Ever since Joe Miller wrote his joke book the man who belonged to so many secret societies that he could never stay at home in the evening has been a potent cause of masculine laughter. Ever since comic weeklies were invented the figure of the woman sitting at the top of the stairs in the gray of the early morning, waiting for the husband, who had "dropped in at the lodge," has had a place in their pages. Sometimes she has been armed with a poker and a ferocious frown; sometimes she has been painted in tears and curl papers; but, in whatever guise, men have always seen the rich humor of the situation and have chuckled with a keen sense of masculine depravity and feminine trust and gullibility. Now comes a woman to completely turn the tables, and to illustrate for the benefit of all men what a poor joke the "staying-out-at-the-lodge" habit really is when it is carried to extremes. It appears that the woman in question was already a member of the D. of R., the R. of A., the C. of I., the I. D. S., and the L. of M. But one evening of each week was yet vacant, so she announced to her husband that she intended joining the D. of S. He, still clinging to his ancient prerogative as a man, objected on the weak ground that he could not afford it. This was, of course, treated as a mere evasion of the question at issue, and in due time there were six societies on her list—one each week day evening. Later she expressed a wish to attend a meeting of the I. D. S. at Detroit. Again the man put up the plea of poverty. Straightway the woman packed up her household goods, sent her child to her parents in New York, and departed. This was the climax. In all the history of "staying out late to the lodge" as a masculine joke nothing more complete and final has been recorded. The sex has its revenge.

Royal Linguists.
The German Emperor, as a linguist, appeared to advantage during his recent visit to England. His English is free from all but the slightest accent, and is terse and idiomatic. He talks it a good deal, and without any hesitation. This, of course, is as it ought to be. His French, which, as a rule, is only used playfully and in inverted commas, as it were, has the genuine Parisian "râcle." The Empress also talks English well, but with a strong accent and with an occasional quaint turn of a phrase. The boys vastly prefer their mother tongue, and are apt to "shy" a little if an unexpected speech is addressed to them in English. But they understand the language all the same. To hear the Prince of Wales speak German is like hearing a German born and bred.

There is one thing certain: the sons of the women who play cards all day will never torment their wives by boasting of the good pies their mothers used to make.

It is not necessary to die to prove friendship; just refuse to tell all you know on a man.

Never argue with a barber.

CHAT OF THE CHURCH

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

News Notes from All Lands Regarding Their Religious Thought and Movement—What the Great Denominations Are Doing.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." There is a paradox. Red blood makes black robes white. It is like some of the apparent pieces of magic that you can see performed in some of our dye-works nowadays. There is nothing else that will touch my guilt except that one great sacrifice offered once for all for a world's sins, for your sins and mine. There is nothing else that will deliver me from the dominion of my own evil, except the power of the life and love of Jesus Christ planted in my heart, and there bringing forth the fruits of righteousness.

There is an old legend which says that the only thing that could melt adamant was the blood of a pure lamb. I believe that the one power which brings forgiveness—and forgiveness is not mere impunity—is the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. And I know that the one power which, transfused into a man's life, can make him live soberly, righteously, and godly is that blood which is the life of Christ himself imparted to us. So, then, that which no man can do for himself, and no man can do for any others, and without which all else that is done by us for ourselves or for others, is inadequate to the necessities of the case, is done, blessed be God! for us in that shed blood of him who in death bore the sins of, and in life imparts righteousness to, the whole world.—Alexander McLaren.

The Christian Life.
The Christian life is progress by resistance.

The roses drop from sin, but the thorns remain.

If you would have a name in the world, have an aim.

If you be the King's children, live like the King's children.

Live in the present, that you may be ready for the future.—Charles Kingsley.

Faith in God's infinite love is the only ocean which is deep enough to drown every trouble.

As we have only one life, we are only required to do one great work, and that is to serve God.

Courage! Up your heart! When ye do tire, he will bear both you and your burden.—Samuel Rutherford.

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.—Epictetus.

A man, by his conversation, may soon overthrow what, by argument or persuasion, he doth labor to fasten upon others for their good.

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—F. W. Farrar.

All fine natures are generous. None are so poor that they have not something to give; if not money, flowers; if not flowers, kind words or crumbs to the birds; or at least generous thoughts, which may sometimes be the most difficult gift of all.

The Way to Live.

Be patient. Keep sweet. Do not fret or worry. Do your best and leave results with God. Believe firmly in God, in the fulfillment of his purposes and the march of his providences. God's laws are immutable, and work with unvarying regularity. Walk in fellowship with God, and every year you will be a stronger, better, happier and sweeter man. Do not mar your peace or power by needless worry. Live by faith in the Son of God, who loved you and gave himself for you.

Some bright-to-morrow you will come to anchor under a haven of sapphire and in a harbor of calm, with chimes ringing their welcome from the spires that sentinel the city of God, while from the battlements millions will shout "Well done!" while God himself will say, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—George B. Vosburgh, D. D.

A Beautiful Faith.

Everywhere through Korea the women seem to take hold of Christ with a simpler, gladder faith than their brothers. The testimonies they give and their replies to questions when seeking admission are often touching. One of them recently, when asked where Christ is, replied, "He lives at our house." "Does He live only at your house?" was the question designed to draw out her knowledge of His nature. She answered, "I'm only a poor, ignorant woman. I don't know all the places where He lives, but I know He lives at our house, because He is with me all the time."

Silence.

Be still, the crown of life is silentness. Give thou a quiet hour to each long day; Too much of time we spend in profligate And foolish talk—too little do we say.

If thou wouldst gather words that shall avail, Learning a wisdom worthy to express, Leave for a while thy chat and empty tale—

Study the golden speech of silentness.—Arthur L. Salmon.

The Mission of Distance.

Life's features are so close to us that they often seem out of proportion. But the day and distance will come when we shall see how well balanced were all God's thoughts of us. The eye too close to a picture has no right

to telegraph criticism about the painter's purpose or skill. Stand where the painter intended. Some views of life are never understood except in a review, some prospects or aspects never appreciated except in retrospect. Reserve your judgment. Time will vindicate God, and, if it does not set you singing, eternity will.

God in Common Things.
God speaketh to the heart in common things, And often in the things we love the best.

His word may find thee while a woman sings A song of youth and green remembering, Or while a baby cheek to thine is prest: His light may reach thee from a linnet's wings.

—F. Langbridge.

The Doubter.

Thou Christ, my soul is hurt and bruised! With words the scholars wear me out; My brain o'erwhelmed and confused— Thee, and myself, and all I doubt.

And must I back to darkness go Because I cannot say their creed? I know not what I think; I know Only that thou art what I need. —Richard Watson Gilder.

Dying Man's Thanksgiving.

When Phineas R. Hunt—for thirty years a missionary printer, in India and China—was about to die, he lifted up his hands in thanksgiving that "this grace had been given unto him that he should print among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

The Value of Little Things.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing strong.—Phillips Brooks.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW.

Other American Cities Do Not Compare with Washington.

"I add my praises to those already sung of the beauties of Washington," said Archibald Fitzmaurice, an English gentleman of leisure. "I always linger here when in America, and never tire of walking or driving about the beautiful avenues and boulevards.

"New York is remarkable for its brownstone fronts, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington are red brick cities, red brick being the predominant building material. In Washington the sameness is relieved by the granite public buildings and marble business structures, of which the Star building is such a beautiful and substantial example.

"San Francisco, however, is unique among the great cities. It is beautifully situated on its hills overlooking the Golden Gate. It is a modern city, its buildings, with the exception of a small district down town in the business quarter, within the fire limits, being constructed of California redwood, and every house has one or more bay windows. The great palaces of the mining and railroad kings on Nob Hill, including the Stanford, Mark Hopkins, Charles Crocker, Colton and other mansions, are all of wood. The Colton house is one of the finest private residences in America.

"The Crocker mansion occupies an entire square, except a 25x100 lot facing the street running parallel to California street. This lot is surrounded by a board fence thirty or more feet in height, just inside the line of the Crocker property. Its owner refused to sell when offered by the deceased railroad magnate a sum far in excess of its value, and so was walled in. The lot is now worthless. The late A. T. Stuart, under similar circumstances, built a brick wall around a lot in the park-like grounds of the Grand Union at Saratoga.

"The elder Flood of the bonanza firm fame, imported from New York, by way of the Horn in sailing ships, brown stone, and erected a palace on the square adjoining the Colton mansion on California street. It is a dark-colored, elegant, though somewhat gloomy structure, and is conspicuous as being the only stone mansion of the entire lot."—Washington Star.

She Will Never Be Old.

There was a company of congenial women before an open fire over 5 o'clock tea, and one of them was saying how she hated to grow old and lose her zest in life and its belongings. Then a fresh-faced matron, with a pair of steady, true eyes, spoke out with her native vehemence:

"Nonsense! What do the years bring but greater treasures and greater capacity to enjoy them? Do you suppose, I guessed anything about real happiness in what we called 'youth's happy days'? Why, every year that I have been a wife and a mother I have known constantly increasing joy, better appreciating what life offers to me.

"Every day I value and delight in my friends more and more; every day I take on a wisdom of experience that gives me a sense of power again; what may come, and as to the future and old age, why I never think of it to dread it.

"I shall not be old to-morrow, I say to myself; and what is the future but always only to-morrow? By and by, when I do sit in the chimney corner and knit and watch the children's children play around me, I am sure I shall think, How happy and safe am I, and what a beautiful thing life is, particularly the close of it."—Selected.

French Names in Africa.

Among the French names which at the present day may be found wide spread throughout South Africa, from the Cape to the Zambesi, are Marais, Joubert, Du Plessis, De Villiers, Jourdan, Le Roux, Malherbe, Du Toit, Malan, Retief, Theron and Hugo.



Salting Their Land.

Two farmers living near Iola, Kan., have received a 40,000-pound car of salt from Hutchinson, which they will use on their farm. Both have extensive farm interests which they look after themselves, and they propose to sow the salt with oats, wheat and flax, on the theory that land so treated is given the chemicals required by those grains and in the belief that chinch bugs will shun the fields. Some of their unpractical town friends have rather a hankering for the belief that wheat so treated will grow loaves of salt-rising bread. At any rate the test is one which will be watched with interest, and the farmers may reap good returns from the \$100 or more invested by these gentlemen in an experiment.

—Abilene Chronicle.

Stretching Wire Fence.

I want to tell how I "paid out" wire in an easy and expeditious manner. Bored a hole in floor of small manure shed and in it fitted a pin made of an old fork handle. On this pin put a buggy wheel, on the wheel inverted a bushel basket and tied handles to spokes to keep it in place. Put a coil of wire over the basket, put one end through end post and into ratchet, hitched horse to sled and drove across field, cut wire and stretched it up and fastened in proper place on post. Went back across field, stapling wire loosely to each post, turned up the ratchet and was ready for another wire. If on opposite side of fence from where wire is wanted, a person following sled can easily pass it over tops of post.—J. V. McElhenne.

Jersey Cow.

The Jersey cow Tulip 7th was bred by Lord Rothschild, Tring Park, Hertfordshire, England, and has just been purchased by Mr. W. Rockefeller, New York. She is a beautiful cow, dark

fawn, calved in 1898; got by Spot's Lad 44289; dam Tulip by Sultan's Favorite.

She has been highly successful in the show ring, among the prizes she has won being second in a strong class at the Royal Agricultural Society's show at Birmingham.

Spring Wheat.

When the fall sown wheat has winter-killed, or where the Hessian fly has been troublesome, spring wheat may be sown. This crop was once the favorite in many sections, but has been abandoned to a large extent, excepting in some northern localities as in Canada. There they still grow it in preference, and they obtain as good crops as are usually grown from winter wheat. We see no reason why seed obtained from the North should not yield a good crop in New York or Ohio, on any land that would grow winter wheat, and in a place where the fly abounds it would have to contend only with so many of them as came on the field from some field of fall sown wheat near by. The winter wheat has to contend against both the fall brood and the larger spring brood which results from it.—Exchange.

Cure for Colic in Horses.

When a horse takes the colic, procure some gunpowder containing saltpetre, which acts upon the kidneys. Charcoal and soda, which act on the stomach and the intestines. To give relief drench the horse with this; or, better, take saltpetre, alum, charcoal and laudanum, equal parts, and make a drench and give the horse. These are all safe with the exception of the laudanum. Be careful not to give over an ounce of the laudanum. Keep horse well blanketed and in good warm stable. See that he is not driven hard nor overheated, as this will cause colic; also, see that he has plenty of water, but not too much, and feed.—H. A. Cooley.

Wooden Walled Cisterns.

Cisterns made in the form of a large tank and let into the ground possess several advantages over the walled and cemented affairs, aside from the first cost. While a good cemented cistern is hard to improve upon, it is a fact that there are but comparatively few that do not leak water out or in. And where a crack is once developed, it is next to impossible to stop it so that water will not pass through. The first cost of a wooden cistern that will hold seventy-five barrels will not exceed \$25. And then the expense is stopped, for if well made of the right material there will be little danger of leakage. They seem to give the best of satisfaction where in use.—J. L. Irwin.

Overworking Boys.

I once knew a farmer who had four sons. They all left him and the farm before they were 18 because they were overworked, and now the old man is overworked, being left alone to run the farm. He threatens to disinherit them for leaving him in a time when he needed them so badly, but they are very indifferent to his plans, for they are all doing well and getting along very nicely. When a boy knows more than a mule he knows when he is overworked. A mule knows that much, and a son ought to be better than a mule.—Homestead Farm Furrows.

will give the subject the proper view, as he can destroy the weeds by loosening the soil, allowing warmth to enter, thus forcing the weeds to germinate, so as to destroy them before the seedling of grain is done. The earlier the weeds can be started the fewer there will be later on if the cultivator is used frequently after the weeds begin to appear.

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I once knew a farmer who had four sons. They all left him and the farm before they were 18 because they were overworked, and now the old man is overworked, being left alone to run the farm. He threatens to disinherit them for leaving him in a time when he needed them so badly, but they are very indifferent to his plans, for they are all doing well and getting along very nicely. When a boy knows more than a mule he knows when he is overworked. A mule knows that much, and a son ought to be better than a mule.—Homestead Farm Furrows.

THE DREAM IN BABY'S EYES.

What is the dream in the baby's eyes, As he lies and blinks in a mute surprise? With little, wee hands that aimlessly go Either and thither and to and fro; With little, wee feet that shall lead him—God knows, But a prayer from my heart like a benediction goes;

Andle of happiness, yonder he lies—What is the dream in my baby's eyes? What does he wonder and what does he know That we have forgotten so long, long ago? Bathed in the dawning light what does he see That slow years have hidden from you and me? Out of the yesterday seeth he yet The things that in living he soon shall forget, All that is hidden beyond the blue skies? What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

Speak to me, little one, ere you forget; What is the thought that is lingering there yet? Where is the land where the yesterdays meet, Waiting and waiting the morrows to greet? You wee, funny bundle who only will blink, What do you wonder and what do you think? Bright as the moonlight asleep in the skies, What is the dream in my baby's eyes?—*Utica Globe.*

Story of a Shield Pin.

DO not like to take up personal cases, as we detectives call a certain class of work, so when Miss Angell of Broadside street sent for me to take up a "small personal mystery" I responded with a poor grace.

Scarcely had she begun to tell her story, however, than I became so interested that I begged her to continue and tell me the details as far as possible.

Miss Angell was engaged to Mr. Cloud—a peculiar combination of names to begin with, and was devotedly attached to him. In fact, she confessed with tears in her eyes that his love was more, or had been more, than life to her.

The rest of the story I will let her tell in her own words. "Mr. Cloud," she said, "is in the habit of calling on me almost every evening. About a week ago he came to dinner, invited by mamma. He was to attend a supper of the Phoenix Club at 10 o'clock, and wore evening dress.

"At the table we noticed an exquisite shield pin he wore. It shone so brilliantly that it caught the eye at once. Mr. Cloud took the pin off and it was passed around the table for us all to examine.

"It was a shield as large as a quarter with the outside edge bordered with pure rubies, blood red, all of a size and without a flaw. The center of the shield consisted of a large diamond cut not very deep, yet too deep to be sunken, so it was elevated in a winking setting. Around the diamonds were perfectly matched black pearls. The combination was so unusual that we exclaimed as we handled the jewel and I remarked that I had never seen it before.

"When we had finished examining it Mr. Cloud said: 'That is my Phoenix club badge. It belongs to the president. When I was elected the badge was presented to me by the members and when I resign, and a new president comes in, I must give up the badge to him. It is the president's badge, to be owned by him during his term of office. Of course, it is only to be worn at the meetings.'

"Mamma spoke of its great value. 'Yes,' said Mr. Cloud, 'it is indeed very valuable. It is worth thousands. If I were to lose it I should feel ruined, as I could never hope to replace it.'

"As he spoke Mr. Cloud's face became very serious. 'We once had a case of that kind,' said he—a most curious case. The president lost his badge and committed suicide next day. You see he was suspected of having sold it.'

"After we had looked at the badge and talked about it, I very foolishly asked to wear it, and in a fit of waywardness I reached across the table, took it up and put it in the bow of ribbon at my throat.

"At the close of the meal, Mr. Cloud asked me for it, but I, to tease him, said I meant to keep it, and ran up stairs with it on.

"After they were seated in the parlor I stole quietly down the stairs and placed the pin in the lining of Mr. Cloud's overcoat, directly under the lapel.

"I went back up to my room and came down stairs again. I found mamma and my sister seated alone in the parlor. Mr. Cloud had gone out to send a telegram. He would be back in a minute.

"When he returned, which was after half an hour, he came in for only a minute, to say good-by, he said, and to ask for his pin: 'Come, Maudie,' he said, 'you have teased me long enough. Let me have the pin now. I must go.'

"I gave it back to you," I said, "and you have it now. Then I stood up and running my fingers along the lapel of his coat felt for the pin. It was gone!

"I turned as white as snow and as I felt the color leaving my face, I said: 'I gave it back.' "My mother looked up surprised and Mr. Cloud stared at me. 'Yes, I gave it back. I put it on your coat. You must have it.'

amazement, even as I explained how I had stolen down the stairs and had fastened the precious pin in the lapel of the coat, just for fun, and how I intended after teasing him to tell him that it was there. As I talked I could see my mother's incredulous looks and Mr. Cloud's absolute dismay. They did not believe me!

"After the most painful quarter of an hour which I ever expect to spend Mr. Cloud left, shaking hands cordially with my mother and saying a cold good-night to me.

"After he had gone my mother said: 'Maudie, my darling girl, tell the truth. It is not too late.'

"There is nothing more to tell, mother," I said. 'I have told you the whole truth.'

"After a while my mother saw that I was in earnest and she believed me. But as next day came and passed, and no word came from Mr. Cloud, I saw that he doubted me. The third day there came a formal note saying that if I would return the pin he would give me its value in money, paying me as rapidly as his circumstances would permit. As it was valued at many thousands, it was then beyond his means.

"I tore the note into bits and did not reply. "That was a week ago. For the first three days I was too much overcome by mortification to take any steps toward establishing my innocence. But now that I am in a soberer mind I wish to learn, if possible, what became of the pin after I placed it in the lining of the lapel of Mr. Cloud's coat and where it now is."

The recital took some time, for the young lady's emotion overcame her more than once. And I must confess that I, too, felt indignant for her. First that fate should have played so unkind a trick upon so beautiful a young girl; and secondly, that her lover, Mr. Cloud, should have doubted her so easily.

"I am willing," she said, "to spend any amount to clear myself of this disgraceful suspicion, and hope, with your assistance, to solve the mystery."

"It is so long a time," I began, "if you—"

"Yes, I know," said she, impatiently. "Still," I said, "I will do my best. But you must allow me to talk with Mr. Cloud. That will be absolutely necessary."

At this she became greatly alarmed, but finally consented.

That same day I called on Mr. Cloud and was received by him in his private office. He was not cordial, and I soon saw that, while he would not accuse the young lady, he thought she had kept the pin. He told me that, on leaving the parlor, he had put on his overcoat and had gone to the nearest telegraph office to send a message. There, meeting an old friend, he had gone into a cafe and taken a drink, after which he had returned to the house of his fiancée, having been gone about half an hour.

"Tell me the name of the cafe," I said.

Having carefully noted the names and addresses of all concerned during that half hour, I left Mr. Cloud and I will do him the justice to say that I think he was half-convinced that he might have made a mistake.

Going first to the telegraph office, I walked from there to the cafe. At that moment a wagon stood in front of the door and they were bringing out the soiled table linen.

An inspiration came to me, and I said to the driver: "How often do you take away the linen?"

"Twice a week," said he. "But this week we had a breakdown and we are late, and it's almost eight days."

As the driver started away I said: "I want to search that load of napkins and if you will drive them into that vacant lot I will pay you well for your trouble."

Once in the lot I overhauled the contents of the wagon thoroughly; and was finally rewarded by feeling a hard lump of something which hurt my hand as I pinched it.

Looking closer I saw tangled in it a glittering jewel, which, as I indicated it, proved to be the diamond set in the gorgeous pin which had been so accurately described to me by Miss Angell.

I did not let the driver know of my booty, but making an excuse that I could not find what I wanted, I walked away, nor did I stop until I had telegraphed to Mr. Cloud. A few minutes later I sat in the parlor of Miss Angell's residence talking to her. When I had told my story and laid the pin in her lap her joy knew no bounds. Just at that moment Mr. Cloud was announced, and Miss Angell then and there gave him the pin. I never saw a girl so happy. She almost hugged me. As soon as Mr. Cloud saw his mistake he was humbly apologetic and tried to fall at her feet, but she waved him away, and Mrs. Angell delicately suggested that, as his presence would always remind them of a painful chapter, it would be better if he were to go away and stay away!

I may add that when Mr. Cloud went into the cafe the pin was in the lapel of the coat, but, becoming entangled in a fringe of his napkin, was pulled out and would have been lost forever and it not been for the perseverance of the plucky Miss Angell.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Growth of Human Hair.

Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives six and one-half inches per annum. A man's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds 12 or 14 inches, while that of a woman will grow in rare instances to 70 or 75 inches, though the average does not exceed 25 to 30 inches.

Women's Doings.

THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN.

A well-dressed woman is not necessarily expensively dressed, and it is possible that clothes may be both costly and well made, and yet the general appearance of the wearer anything but desirable. The reason, then, will probably be that her clothes are not suitable for the work or the pleasure that she has in hand, or that their colors are not well chosen, or that they are not neatly and trimly put on. There is an immense deal in the way people put on their clothes; some people are always neat and dainty in every tiny detail, and others say that "so long as the general effect is good little things don't matter," for it never occurs to them that it is just the attention to "little things" which makes good general effect possible. The woman of refinement is never loudly dressed, but she is always absolutely dainty. She may be poor and have to earn her living, but still there will be no mistaking her. She will perhaps wear a somewhat shabby serge costume, but it will be well brushed, and instead of decking herself out with fluffy lace and ribbon neck arrangements, which soon crush and soil, you will notice that she favors linen collars and cuffs and a neat tie. She is never guilty of overdressing, a fault more common with the average than with the wealthy woman, for though "the sweetest blouse in the world—all tucked silk and lace," and "a darling little rose toque" are to be had in sale time for about the same sum as she would have to give for a well-made cotton shirtwaist and a simply trimmed straw hat, she knows that the former would be out of keeping with the rest of her clothes and her surroundings, generally, and that, being unsuitable, they would look vulgar, however pretty they might be in themselves.

Men Admire These Girls.

Men admire the girl who is her mother's right hand in household matters, and who is not above taking an interest in the most trivial things in connection with household duties.

They admire the girl who is a bright, entertaining companion, and who has ever a kind word and pleasant smile for those around.

They admire the girl who is always neatly gowned, no matter if in inexpensive materials, and who never dresses loudly or in questionable taste. They admire the girl who can adapt herself to any society, who never puts on affected airs, and who would scorn to do an action of which all the world might not know.

They admire the girl who in an emergency can turn her hand to anything, from cooking the family dinner to retrimming an old hat.

They admire the girl who is unselfish enough to give up some pleasure of her own to benefit another, and does not consider herself aggrieved at having to do so.

They admire the girl who can talk of more important things than dress or the latest new play, and who can listen intelligently when deeper subjects are introduced.

Shot by Her Husband.

Alfred Morrison, a Mount Vernon, N. Y., teacher, had a great fear of burglars. He slept with a revolver under his head, and while dazed by nightmare and fear of thieves fatally shot his wife. He was only half-awake, and some movement of his wife caused him to seize a revolver and fire. In an ante-mortem statement she exonerated him.



MRS. MORRISON.

Wives, Remember!

That he is not in love with every woman he glances at. That it is policy to let him believe he is "lord and master."

That your relationship is closer to him than to your mother.

That a prompt and pointed answer does not turn away wrath.

That he does not get sleepy the same moment that you do.

That there are letter drop-boxes on the nearest corners.

That you should not expect him to light the fire in the morning.

That you can't keep books, and there is no use of your trying.

That he expects you to look your best when you go out with him.

That it does not improve his razor to use it for chiropodical purposes.

That house-hunting is not reckoned by the average man as a pleasure.—*Boston Journal.*

The New Shirt Waists.

The stores are crowded with an enormous variety of shirt waists. It is difficult to predict, but it seems as if a white season is being inaugurated. White materials in these white waists are the rule. Lawns, organdies, batistes, silk-striped ginghams and many beautiful novelty goods make this year's waists really artistic creations. Yokes are seen rarely and the shoulder seam is directly on the shoulder as in dress waists. A new collar has made its appearance; it is cut with high rounded points under the ears, and closes at the back. On thin waists this collar may be made of linen, or of the material, but all are stiff. There are many turn-down collars—that is, collars turned down over a high soft band. Cuffs are also in many instances soft with turned-back edges. Sleeves are smaller than ever, and there is very little

fullness in the slightly-bloused fronts. A dainty fancy is to wear a narrow black velvet tied around the collar of white waists. The waistband must then be also of black velvet ribbon about three inches in width.

One of Papa's Love Letters.

A girl recently played a cruel joke on her mother, and this is how it happened: She accidentally found a love letter that her father had written to her mother in the halcyon days of their courtship. She read the letter to her mother, substituting her own name and that of her lover. The mother raved with anger and stamped her foot in disgust, forbidding her daughter to have anything to do with a man who would write such nonsensical stuff to a girl. The girl then gave the letter to her mother to read, and the house became so suddenly quiet she could hear the snowflakes falling in the back yard.

Only 15 and Divorced.

Sadie Giannosa is probably the youngest woman who ever secured a divorce in New York State. She is 15 years old. She eloped with Giannosa last July, and left him one month later. Sadie has already received a letter and photograph from an admirer in Jefferson City, Mo., who wrote that he read of her application to the court, sympathized with her, and is ready to marry her whenever she is willing.



SADIE GIANNOSA.

Stains Made by Vaseline.

Few stains are more obstinate than those made by vaseline. How to remove them was told recently by a domestic science teacher. "Have ready," she said, "a moderately hot iron and four pieces of blotting paper. Put two thicknesses of the paper on a board and wet the spot thoroughly with benzine. Lay on the stained cloth, cover with two other pieces of blotting paper, and press quickly with the iron. An old stain may need two or even three applications to remove the stain. The caution is repeated that benzine, being very inflammable, must be used with great care.

Keeping Cut Flowers Fresh.

"There are many ways to prolong the life of cut flowers," said a well-known florist recently. "The simplest one and usually considered the best is to put the stems into boiling water for two or three minutes, and then place the flowers in a vase of tepid water. A bit of stick charcoal in the vase will keep the flowers fresh for many days. A simple remedy for the unpleasant odor which is produced in the water in which mignonette has been placed is to put a little sal ammoniac in the vase."

Curtains Made of Cords.

In places where heavy draperies are unsuitable for separating small rooms from each other, or where there is a desire to separate an alcove from the main part of a room, a portiere of large silk cords ending in tassels or balls is sometimes used with good effect. This hanging is suspended beneath fretwork, and every few inches the cords or little ropes are broken by silk balls of a contrasting color, says the *Kansas City Journal*. A hanging of pale sage color has the balls alternately of old rose and old blue.

Woman's Way.

It was her very first love letter—(With an exception or two). She wrote a half a day or better before she said "twould do." Note after note—she wrote, rewrote, and finally wrote anew.

"Twas done at last—a tedious task, To clear away the waste. What wrote she? What need to ask? Figure yourself so placed. Thus finished she: 'P. S.—Pardon me For writing in such haste.'—*Washington Post.*

Of Interest to Women.

A new embroidery, the invention of the Queen of Madagascar, is of many colors on a dark ground. It is the vogue in London.

English fashion journals say that jet is coming into style again. The favorite is a bright and dead effect, manipulated into various forms.

A curious dress worn at a ball by a Baltimore woman was covered with postage stamps, 30,000 in number, representing every country.

In six years Mrs. Beulah Moseley of Rome, Ga., has made such a success of her newspaper, the *Georgian*, that it has been adopted by the State Federation of Women's Clubs.

In England, according to the *London Graphic*, the latest fashionable stimulant is camphor. Taken in small and regular doses it is said to make the complexion creamy, but the ultimate effect is harmful to the system.

A young woman at Germantown, Pa., has what she calls an "unlucky room." It is entered by walking under a ladder. The mirror is cracked and peacock feathers are scattered about. Over the bed is an umbrella never closed. There are thirteen articles of furniture and thirteen pictures.

Mrs. Minerva Blake Howland, the only "real" daughter of the American Revolution who lived in New Haven, died there a few days ago. She was 96 years old. Her father was Reuben Blake, who enlisted from Derby, Conn., in the company organized by Captain David Humphreys, afterward an aide-camp on Washington's staff.

BARBER TO FOUR MILLIONAIRES.

Thomas Whalen Shaves Armour, Fairbank, Allerton and Field.

Thomas Whalen shaves four millionaires a day. He makes the round of their residences every morning and uses his own fast pacer to save time. They all pay him a liberal salary and in three hours each morning he earns more than the average barber does in four days.

Mr. Whalen's clients are P. D. Armour, S. W. Allerton, Marshall Field and N. K. Fairbank. They employ him by the year, and his salary continues whether they are in Europe, New York, California or Chicago. His contract calls for a daily shave in Chicago, and if the millionaires' chins are not to be found, Whalen is not the sufferer. His "pull" is said to be of the gentlest, but his fellow barbers declare it is very strong, and besides the salary he gets there is always a liberal Christmas present.

The salaries paid are as follows: Mr. Armour, \$75 per month; Mr. Field, \$75; Mr. Allerton, \$50, and Mr. Fairbank, \$35. All of these gentlemen have their private barber shops, and Mr. Whalen has the running of them. He keeps each supplied with the finest razors, shears, strops, soaps, mugs, and other requisites of a first-class tonsorial parlor. He knows the turn of every whisker of his patrons, and there is never any kick about razors with a "pull."

His labors begin early. Mr. Armour's home is his first stopping place, though recently, during that gentleman's residence in California, he has not been getting up so early. Mr. Armour has always shaved by 6 o'clock and often earlier. From there it is only a block to Mr. Field's Prairie avenue mansion, and just across the street, a little to the south, he finds Mr. Allerton ready for his daily scrape. But to reach Mr. Fairbank he must make a big jump to the North Side, and his fast pacer comes in good use. Cars are too uncertain, and Mr. Fairbank cannot be kept waiting or disappointed, and before 6 o'clock Whalen is at the Lake Shore drive residence, ready for Mr. Fairbank to come to the private barber shop.

"Tom" Whalen is one of the best-known barbers in Chicago. He has made a competency out of his work, and his income now is by no means beggarly, averaging close to \$3,000 for the year. His last shop was in the Methodist church block. This he sold several years ago. He now devotes his attention to his four millionaire customers and several fine horses.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Sun Worship.

The most complete system of sun-worship that we have any account of was that existing in Peru when discovered by the Spaniards in 1532. The Incas, as the Peruvian monarchs were called, claimed to be children of the sun and his representatives on earth. Their government was a despotic theocracy, of which the Inca was both high priest and king. In Cuzco, the capital, stood a splendid temple to the sun, in which all the implements were of solid gold. On the west end of the interior was a representation of the sun's disk, and rays in the same precious metal, so placed that the rising sun, shining in at the open east end, fell full upon the image and was reflected with dazzling splendor. In the plaza or square of the temple a great annual festival was held at the summer solstice. The multitude assembled from all parts of the empire, and presided over by the Inca awaited in breathless solemnity the first rays of their deity to strike the golden image in the temple when they all prostrated themselves in adoration. Sacrifices, similar to those of the Jews, were offered on the occasion, and bread and wine were partaken of in a manner strikingly resembling the Christian sacrament. The moon as the spouse of the sun, the planet Venus as his page, the Pleiades, and the remarkable constellation of the Southern Cross, were minor deities. The rainbow and lightning were also worshipped as servant the sun; and fire, air, earth and water were not without adoration. In fact, there was little in Nature that the Peruvians did not contrive to make a deity.

Mr. Hobart's First Fee.

One of the neighbors has told how the Vice President made his first fee as a lawyer. He was employed to write the will of a well-known manufacturer of Paterson, who was wealthy. Asked his fee, Mr. Hobart, the legal fledgling, replied: "One hundred dollars." It was from this that he received a significant hint how to succeed as a lawyer. The manufacturer was well pleased with his attorney, and turning to his desk drew out a package of bank checks that had come in during the regular course of business. Taking up one for \$800 he indorsed it and handed it to Mr. Hobart.

"With this start in life," said the narrator of the story, "Mr. Hobart married the daughter of Socrates Tuttle, who has been his helpmeet through all the years that have followed. Years afterward Mr. Hobart learned that the granddaughter of his first client was about to be married, and that the family had been reduced to financial straits. He sent to her his check for \$150 to assist in purchasing her trousseau, and took steps to provide other members of the family with employment."—*Philadelphia North American.*

Killed in Spanish Bull Fights.

The average number of horses killed in Spanish bull fights every year exceeds 5,000, while from 1,000 to 1,200 bulls are sacrificed.

Glove Trade of France.

France makes nearly 28,000,000 pairs of gloves yearly, and of these 18,000,000 are exported.

CAMEO CARVING.

A Description of the Tools and the Method Employed.

All the tools used by the cameo carver would make but a handful, says the *New York Evening Post*. The worker sits before a wheel turned by a pedal; tools occupy a small corner of the table surface on which the worker's hands rest while he holds the shaped stone or shell beneath the needle-like drill. The little pointed instruments which are used to drill resemble those employed by a dentist, and, indeed, it was from the cameo carver's kit that the dentists got many of their ideas when the tools now in use by them came to be manufactured, thirty years ago. The drills vary in thickness according to the portion of the figure or design to be executed. Some are as fine as the point of a cambric needle. A small china receptacle also stands near, filled with oil and diamond dust and into this the workman frequently dips his tool during the progress of his work.

The cameo cutter's occupation is very exacting. He can put in only a few hours' work at a time as a usual thing, because of the tension on his nerves. A quivering hand may be responsible for the single stroke which will spoil a week's work. He must have an eye almost like a microscope and a very delicate touch; he must be an artist in soul and as skilled a craftsman as a watchmaker; he must know how to model and draw, and he must have a knowledge of chemistry, so as to remove offending spots.

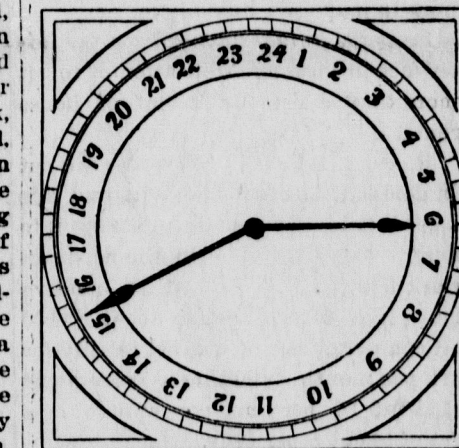
The work is executed in relief on many kinds of hard or precious stones, but essentially the chalcidonic variety of quartz and on shells. The cameo cutter himself prefers onyx because of its dark and light layers, which throw out in bold relief a white head, say, against a black background. He evolves his picture by removing all that portion of the white stratum remaining after the head has been completed. Sapphire blocks are used, carnelian, turquoise, amethyst and numerous other stones.

It takes about a month to execute a portrait on onyx, while much less time is consumed if the work is done on shell. There is always great danger of the latter breaking, and its durability, too, is not great, so that the shell, as a rule, is not desirable as the harder materials. A portrait on onyx will cost \$200, while one on shell may be had for \$50. The inquiries for these are rare and building up a patronage is slow and accomplished mainly by satisfied customers influencing others.

FROM 1 TO 24.

How Time Is Now Reckoned Throughout France.

A new method of counting time went into effect with the new year in all departments of the government of France, and the hours are now officially reckoned in that country from 1 to 24. The old system of dividing days



NEW CLOCK DIAL.

into two periods of 12 hours each has been abolished, and hereafter all governmental documents will be dated according to the new order of things. Under the new system a day begins at midnight. What is 1 o'clock in the afternoon under the old method is 13 o'clock under the new.

To Make Cloth Fireproof.

The American consul at Freiburg, Germany, reports an interesting discovery by German scientists, the application of which will render cloth and wood fireproof. The material used to bring about this result is now being manufactured by a German firm, and great things are expected of it. The American consul declares that he has experimented with the discovery, and has found that curtains, carpets, clothing, draperies and wood to which the liquid has been applied refuse to yield to flame. Even when cloth was covered with kerosene and the oil burned out the fiber of the goods was only charred, while the piece remained intact. It is claimed that with the use of this chemical application hotels may be made absolutely fireproof, and that it will reduce fire risks on inside property very greatly. The chemical is soluble, and is therefore impracticable for outdoor use. Garments, curtains or carpets that pass through a laundering process must be treated again. It is claimed, however, that the scientists who have worked out the process believe they can render it waterproof in time.

Pope Leo's Graceful Act.

Pope Leo was able to show deference to an older man than himself at the celebration of his coronation. Cardinal Martel, who is 92 years of age and the senior Cardinal in length of service, having been Cardinal deacon for forty years, had himself carried to the Vatican, but was unable, after the Pope's address, to join in the deile past the throne. The Pope, noticing this, stepped down from his throne and walking to Cardinal Martel wished him many more years of life.

Men are so scarce that a man who talks of getting divorce can always find women sympathizers.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1900.

The Supervisors of San Francisco have asked the Spring Valley Water Company to set a selling price on the water company's property with a view to its purchase by the city.

The contract held by Heldmaier & Neu of Chicago for the improvement of San Pedro harbor was, on the 19th instant annulled by the War Department. A new contract will be let.

The dispatches announce that President McKinley will attend the ceremonies of the launching of the battleship Ohio at San Francisco in July. Let the launching take place on our great National holiday and give San Francisco a "Glorious Fourth."

The Board of Supervisors of the city and county of San Francisco on Monday passed to print an ordinance governing pugilistic contests in San Francisco. In other words, to license and regulate prize fights.

San Francisco has a new charter and with it a high-toned moral and discriminating Board of Supervisors, who propose to prohibit such vicious sport as racing horses and hounds at Ingleside, and in lieu thereof provide the good people of the city with the gentle and refining entertainment of the prize ring.

Low taxes and low rents are essential to the prosperity of this town. A low tax rate will attract capital and encourage the location of factories.

Low rents will induce the workingman to make his home here.

Property owners should keep the latter fact in view and not attempt to get more than a fair profit out of house rents.

Elegant and costly residences are not in demand, but investors will find this a good field for putting money into neat cottages suitable to the needs of workingmen. A lot with a modern four-room cottage, costing about \$1500 all complete, can be rented readily for \$12 per month, yielding a gross profit of about 10 per cent per annum, or a net of about 8 per cent.

In view of the steady enhancement of real estate values such a profit should satisfy the investor.

There is no lack of tenants for such houses, and workingmen who have steady employment with a regular weekly pay day make good tenants. A special train carries daily more than one hundred working men employed in the factories here to and from San Francisco. If we had dwelling houses at a fair rent a large majority of these men would make their homes in this town.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Congress either has or has not the power to legislate for territory outside the boundary of the United States proper, without regard to the Constitution. The question is not one for the stump, but for the United States Supreme Court, and the sooner it is decided and taken out of partisan politics the better for all concerned.—Mayfield Republican.

A Chicago capitalist holds that workingmen should not be allowed to marry and raise families. This genial gentleman does not appear to consider that if this rule had been in force heretofore he might now be sawing his own wood—if he had any to saw.—S. F. Bulletin.

The goat raisers of Kansas and Oklahoma have formed an association. This ought to make a strong combination.—Omaha Bee.

President Huntington of the Southern Pacific declared in a speech at Galveston Friday night that the construction of the Nicaragua canal would be a monstrous commercial and military blunder. The next day the official report of Southern Pacific earnings for the first seven months of the fiscal year showed an excess of \$14,209,895 over operating expenses.—S. F. Chronicle.

The old Spanish Camino Real, or King's Highway, is to be restored to

California in the shape of a boulevard extending from San Francisco to San Diego, if the plan of the Pasadena Exhibition Society is carried out. Secretary Miss Pitcher of the society has taken up the matter and has received word from the department of agriculture at Washington that a bill providing for \$5,000,000 for good roads is contemplated by congress, and that a portion of this fund might be secured for California and this particular object. The bill was designed for the construction of a national boulevard across the continent, but there is a feeling that a better way would be to divide the money among the states. The idea of the state boulevard would be to have it commence at the Oregon line and extend south, touching the principal cities and places of interest.—Ex.

PRESS NOTES.

VALUE OF FARM ANIMALS.

The statistician of the Agriculture Department has made some interesting computations as to the number and value of farm animals in the United States. On the first of January there were 13,537,524 horses, 2,068,027 mules, 16,292,260 milch cows, 27,610,054 other cattle and 41,883,065 sheep. There has been a total increase in value of the country's live stock during the year 1899 of \$216,000,000, not including the increase in the value of swine, no figures concerning which are at present available. The total value of farm animals of the United States on January 1, 1896, was \$1,997,010,407. The present value is not less than \$2,213,010,407. The number of horses has decreased largely. There are nearly 3,000,000 fewer horses in the country than there were seven years ago and there are fewer mules than since 1886. The average price per head for mules is \$53.65. This is a higher price than has been paid since 1894, and the result was evidently produced by the unprecedented demand for mules by the Spanish-American and Transvaal wars.—Scientific American.

JEALOUSY IN THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

Editor Enterprise: Jealousy has heretofore been classed solely as an animal trait, but recent developments at the Fuller Works have discovered the fact, which is of far-reaching significance, that the green-eyed monster can crop out occasionally in the vegetable kingdom. Ever since the article appeared in the Enterprise laudatory of the new and latest efforts in the way of tree and flower culture, particularly around the Fuller power houses, the roses around the Rubber Pt. Works have been growing pale and the lilies turning green with envy. Hereafter it will not be considered safe to smell the rose's scent. Who knows what poisoned germ of jealousy or hate may lurk between its delicate petals? The cut flowers presented by the hand of love, may carry concealed a venomous dagger. Are lilies longer safe in church decoration? Do we sometimes spread seeds of hate, through these angelic cups, above the coffin's lid? Alas! they may be but alembics to distill through their stamens a deadly cuprous-arsenate essence among the mourners around the bier. Is it possible that contests in the probate courts and divorces are due to and have had their origin in flowers?

If the vegetable world did not have an Eden, a Cain and Abel, and inherit original sin, it is certainly able to raise "Cane," judging by the latest Fuller development.

So long as the genial superintendent of the Rubber Pt. Works does not become inoculated by the virus all will go well. There is, however, a tantalizing twinkle in the electrician's eye that bodes future ill, for it must at times be very exasperating. Have a care, young man! 'Tis not all water that flows through the Rubber Pt. Works. The blood of '76 and '61 runs in the old man's veins. Rubber is a non-conductor, but even it cannot withstand the long continued shocks of your subtle, mysterious, electric smiles.

All is, however, harmonious to date in the ancient kingdom, but some vulnerable spot will yet be found—perhaps the undipped heel of this modern hero, when red blood may flow in Baden—outside of the slaughter house.

We publish the following letter from the frozen north written by Walter S. Noel at one time a resident and well known here:

Sour Dough Hotel,
1333 Icele Avenue.
Every known fluid except water for sale at the bar. Rates one ounce per day. Indians and niggers charged double. Special rates to ministers and the gambling "perfesh."

Dawson, Y. T., February 2, 1900.
Friend Ed:—I will drop you a few lines, as I have a few leisure moments. I have a "lay" on some very rich ground and have it two-thirds worked out.

I have a very good offer from the Alaska Exploration Company to go to Nome and have decided to take it; will start February 7th.

The A. E. Co. have over fifty claims at Nome. I will receive a large salary and have a chance to get on to something good for myself.

Two men just came up; it took them fifty-seven days, but I can go down in about fifty days, as I have four good dogs, and it is somewhat better going than coming. My mother will look after the lay in my absence.

People who go to Nome next summer will stand a poor show, as there will be 75,000 people flock in there next July and August. They cannot get there by steamer until the ice pack goes out, which is usually about July

1st, so they need not leave San Francisco before about June 8th. I know many people were fooled last year. I cannot say when I will return. As long as I can do as well as I have I shall remain.

We have had the coldest winter this country has known for thirty years, being 84 degrees below at Eagle City and 71 degrees here in Dawson.

I froze my nose and cheeks once but have rubbed them back to their proper color.

Will close, hoping this letter will find you in the best of health.

I remain, yours respectfully,
W. S. Noel.
P. S. Give my regards to Dick Loomis, Holcomb, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Cunningham.

WORDS FAIL.

Pale words are ne'er with power fraught
To truly tone the true love rose
The cold air of expression blows
To kill the bloom and chill the thought.

No word however packed with power,
Could yet express the sweeter sense
Of true love's true omnipotence.
Its charms intense and chastened flower.

The kindling soul, the eye that glows,
The thrills that tingle to the tips,
The throbs that deepen carmine lips
And flush the cheek with crimson rose.

With arms entwined love sweeps a chord
That vibrates through the loved one's
brain.

Quick echoes love to love's refrain,
And souls are wed without a word:
(And frequently without a dime).
—Daniel Florence Leary.

Easy to Beat Hotels.

"Hotel men give out that they wara each other by circulars about dead-beats," said the slick looking man with the high hat, "but don't you let that stop you if you want to live high for a week. Few men like to publish the fact that they have been done up. It's the easiest thing in the world to beat a first class hotel. All you want is a good suit of clothes and plenty of cheek. A grip with a few shirts and collars is as good as a trunk.

"You drive up in style; you register to get the best room in the house; you bulldoze the clerks and threaten the servants. A checkbook is a good thing to show, but you pay for nothing. You talk in a loud voice, you make plenty of kicks, and you order the best wines for dinner. Lands, but the whole staff of the house will fall over each other to make it pleasant for you! You don't pay the first week's bill. On the contrary, you are indignant and demand an apology. When the second week is due, your drafts have not come.

"You will be worked out of the house, but with gentleness and apologies. They don't want a row, and they don't want notoriety. You'll be forgiven if you'll only go, and if you take up your quarters for the next two weeks right across the street no one from the hotel will give you away. When a man beats us, we like to see him beat our neighbor, you know. It's nice and genteel work, with no kicks or hard times, and there is always room for one more in the profession."—Detroit Journal.

Carried Her Point and Pet.

It is said by a cynic of the masculine gender that a man never yields when he knows he is in the right nor a woman when she is equally certain she is in the wrong. In an Amsterdam avenue car the other day, while the conductor was forward collecting fares, a woman, followed by a large English bulldog, entered and seated herself.

"Madam," said the conductor, "dogs are not allowed in these cars."

"I am going to Fifty-seventh street. Here is my fare," was the answer.

"I cannot take it, madam. It is as much as my position is worth to let that dog ride in this car."

"Here is my fare."

"I must enforce the rule. It would be better to get off quietly; otherwise I shall have to call an officer."

"I've taken the dog in these cars before."

"Only dogs that can be carried are allowed to ride in these cars."

"Come, darling, get in mother's lap," she said to the beast, and after considerable effort she succeeded in dragging "darling" upon her knees. She flashed a look of scorn at the conductor and exclaimed, "Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"—New York Herald.

A Question of Clocks.

Which is the best, a clock that is right only once a year, or a clock that is right twice every day? "The latter," you reply, "unquestionably."

Very good, reader; now attend. I have two clocks; one doesn't go at all and the other loses a minute a day. Which would you prefer? "The losing one," you answer, "without a doubt."

Now observe. The one which loses a minute a day has to lose 12 hours, or 720 minutes, before it is right again; consequently it is only right once in two years, whereas the other is evidently right as often as the time it points to come round, which happens twice a day. So you've contradicted yourself once. "Ah, but," you say, "what's the use of its being right twice a day, if I can't tell when the time comes?"

Why, suppose the clock points to 8 o'clock, don't you see that the clock is right at 8 o'clock? Consequently when 8 o'clock comes your clock is right. "Yes, I see that," you reply.

Very good; then you've contradicted yourself twice. Now get out of the difficulty as you can, and don't contradict yourself again if you can help it.—"Lewis Carroll Picture Book."

When a man is hungry, he doesn't waste much time reading the bill of fare.—Chicago News.

WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND HONEST persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$300 a year and expenses. Straight, bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference: Enclosed self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 3, Chicago.

SCIENCE OF DREAMS.

Results of a Series of Experiments by a German Professor.

Sleep is not "the brother of death," as the poets have said from Homer to Shelley; but, on the contrary, "sleep is the brother of life." So Professor Baschide asserts, who, in an article in the Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau, gives an account of his "experiments upon 36 dreamers." His subjects were of various ages, from 1 year to 80 years.

In some cases his observations were continued during the whole night and in others for a great part of the night. He watched and recorded every change of physiognomy, every movement of the limbs and every speech or sound uttered by the unconscious dreamers. The depth of the sleep was also carefully measured, while from time to time the dreamers were awakened, but without their own perception that the awakening was intentional.

The professor obtained, as he writes at length, the following results: (1) We dream throughout the whole of our sleep, even in that deepest sleep which we imagine to be "dreamless." (2) There is an intimate connection between the depth of our sleep and the character of our dreams. The deeper the sleep the further back travels the retrospect into the past experiences of life and also the more remote are the contents of the dream from reality. In a light sleep, on the contrary, the subject of the dream relates to the experiences and excitements of the day and has a character of probability. (3) In a comatose sleep the professor thinks there may perhaps be no dreaming. (4) Persons who assert that they do not dream "are the victims of physical delusion." (5) Dreams of a moderate character remain longest in the memory. The wilder the dream the sooner it is forgotten.—London News.

THE STONE OF GRATITUDE.

An Old Roman Legend That Treats of the Topaz.

The topaz is called the stone of gratitude, and the old Roman books record the following legend from which the stone derives this attribute:

The blind Emperor Theodosius used to hang a brazen gong before his palace gates and sit beside it on certain days, hearing and putting to rights the grievances of any of his subjects. Those who wished for his advice and help had but to sound the gong, and immediately admission into the presence of Caesar was obtained.

One day a great snake crept up to the gate and struck the brazen gong with her coils, and Theodosius gave orders that no one should molest the creature and bade her tell him her wish. The snake bent her crest lowly in homage and straightaway told the following tale:

Her nest was at the base of the gateway tower, and while she had gone to find food for her young brood a strange beast covered with sharp needles had invaded her home, killed the nestlings and now held possession of the little dwelling. Would Caesar grant her justice?

The emperor gave orders for the porcupine to be slain and the mother to be restored to her desolate nest. Night fell, and the sleeping world had forgotten the emperor's kindly deed, but with the early dawn a great serpent glided into the palace, up the steps and into the royal chamber and laid upon each of the emperor's closed eyelids a gleaming topaz. When Emperor Theodosius awoke, he found he was no longer blind, for the mother snake had paid her debt of gratitude.—Exchange.

Doesn't Travel For Fun.

Far from being the great autocrat, the arbiter of things of magnitude, the president of a railway system, be it great or small, is a dealer in trifles, with a consideration for everything. Every accident, large or small; every occurrence by which the road is to lose a dollar or to make a dollar, comes to the notice of the president. The successful head of a railroad is the one who considers the details. He is the man who makes the profits, and he is the man who has to face the music at the directors' meeting.

When you see the bright, smooth running traveling palaces of the railway president trailing along behind the long string of passenger coaches, you can be safe in the opinion that the occupant has not the softest snap on earth. You can also rest assured that if he is a success in his sphere he is not traveling for fun.—Omaha World.

The Polite Lie in Embryo.

A little child has given us a peep into the process by which the polite lie is developed. Mamma was talking to Effie about the absence of Edith from the children's party.

"You are sorry," said mamma, "that Edith could not come?"

Effie replied, having enjoyed herself, "Oh, I don't mind much."

To which mamma rejoined: "But Edith is ill. That is why she couldn't come. You must be sorry." Effie considered. "Yes; of course I'm sorry," she said, "but it doesn't hurt me—inside."—London Chronicle.

Ready For Emergencies.

The German war department, it is said, actually keeps in stock duplicates of all the bridges in the empire considered likely to be damaged or destroyed in case of war, and, what is more, it has duplicates of a good many French bridges and of bridges of other countries in which it is interested.—Chicago Journal.

The Modern Acceptance.

The Man (teasingly)—I'll wager you don't know the "Rule of Three."

The Maid—That's easy: "Three's a crowd."—Kansas City Independent.

A Russian does not become of age until he is 23.

NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS.

There is a flower that blooms by night,
When all the land is still,
When only nightingales are heard
And dew their wine distill.
It loveth not the glare of day,
The noise of busy noon,
Alone revealing its pure heart
Unto the lady moon.

When other blossoms lie at rest,
It watches like a saint,
And all night long it wearies not
Until the shadows faint.
Let others call it what they may,
Hope's star it is to me,
That only when the morning comes
From its sweet task is free.

Let other flowers win the praise
Of laughter, mirth and song,
My blossom lights the thorny path
Of grief's unhappy throng,
And when I find it fast asleep,
While suns are shining bright,
I know 'twill waken when I dream
And guide me through the night.
—C. G. B. in Chicago News.

THE CRASH OF HEAVY GUNS.

Fearful Strain of the Concomitant Upon the Nerves and Ears.

The stunning report of each gun as it is fired is something that a stranger on the deck will long remember. There is an old saying, "deaf as a post." Now, in the royal navy, this is changed to "deaf as a post captain."

No man can go through a long series of gunnery practices without having his hearing very seriously affected. Some men put cotton wool in their ears, but even this precaution does little to deaden the terrible shock. And if the firing of one or two guns has such a shattering power, what would be the effect if the whole armament were in action together?

It is almost impossible to conceive the strain upon nerve and senses of the rending concussion. If a visitor watches the firing of one of the monster 9 inch guns and then places himself beside one of the smaller pieces, the report made by the one will not appear much louder than that of the other. The extra distance to the muzzle of the big piece discounts the sound. The only apparent difference between the two appears to be that the small pieces have a sharper, higher pitched note, and that the 6 and 9 inch guns speak with more of a bellowing roar.

One piece of advice may be given to any one who finds himself in the neighborhood of a gun in action. The noise will not have nearly the same effect if you are watching the gun as if the crash comes unexpectedly. Unconsciously nature prepares you to resist a shock which is known to be impending.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Happy Expedient.

Some few years back a colonel commanding some marines was much exercised in his mind as to how to deal with two of his men who were continually fighting. Threats, pack drill and even cells were tried, but were of no avail. No sooner were they free than they flew at one another and were at it again with worse results than before.

At last he hit on a happy expedient. The next time the men were brought before him he set them to clean all the windows in the barracks, one inside, the other out, and neither to go to the next window till the other had finished. The next morning they started, and after glaring at one another for three or four windows the situation became too ludicrous. They both burst out laughing and have been good friends ever since.—London Answers.

"Mac," the Scotch prefix, means son, so Macpherson means "son of a parson," and Macdonald is the same as Donaldson. Fairfax means "fair of face."

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Fine line of new goods at the People's Store.

For sale, on easy terms, cottage and lot. Inquire at Postoffice.

J. F. Lyman is repairing and repapering the company cottages.

Send your local news to the Enterprise and it will be printed.

Zell Rollins has moved into his new house on Commercial avenue.

Paló Alto has voted \$20,000 bonds to build a new high school building.

Nelson Morris and his son Edward Morris left for the East on Thursday.

Three cottages, each five rooms and bath, choice location, to-let; rent, \$15.

Mrs. Wm. Quan has been ill in the hospital in San Francisco the past two weeks.

The Coast Advocate contemplates moving from Halfmoon Bay to San Mateo.

The trees recently planted at the school house grounds are growing beautifully.

District Attorney Jos. J. Bullock was in town on official business on Wednesday.

George W. Lovie of Redwood City paid a flying visit to this little town on Thursday.

We are pleased to note the fact that Mrs. Dick Rogers has been improving the past week.

The fifth meeting of the Western Turf Association, at Tanforan, has been a most successful one.

The principal officers of the Western Meat and Land Improvement Co. paid our town a visit on Tuesday.

Services at Grace Mission by Rev. E. H. Benson, Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school 10 a. m.

This is the Lenten season, but the usual slump in the meat business has not occurred. Good times accounts for it.

Racing at Tanforan Park has been superb the past week. The fifth meeting of the Western Association closes today.

At the annual meeting of the Western Meat Company on Monday the directors and officers were all re-elected.

Nelson Morris and his son Edward Morris spent a portion of Tuesday in town as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin.

Rev. E. H. Benson shipped his household goods to Santa Clara on Tuesday, to which place he will go on or about April 1st.

Fred A. Cunningham left on Monday last for his home in Scottsville, Kansas. Fred will visit Oklahoma Territory on his way home.

On Saturday last the finishes at Tanforan were close, and the shouting for favorites indicated that the game is not dead by long odds.

On Monday night a clothes line thief stole the underclothing and family linen from the back yard of C. B. Stafford's residence on Baden Ave.

The old directors and officers of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company were re-elected at the annual meeting on the 19th inst.

Mrs. Dora Fuhrig, the notorious San Francisco midwife and doctor, has escaped serving a long term in the penitentiary through the ruling of the Supreme Court.

Too much care cannot be taken with regard to the use of canned vegetables. The use of canned tomatoes caused serious illness in the family of J. F. Lyman the past week.

Geo. C. Ross, attorney-at-law of Redwood City was in town Wednesday looking after the case of the People vs. the San Francisco Hackmen, in the interests of the defendants.

Died.—At San Luis Obispo, on Sunday, March 18, 1900, at the age of 68 years, G. Grandstaff. The deceased was the father of Mrs. L. Zehender. Mrs. Zehender was at her father's bedside at the time of his death.

District Attorney Campbell of Santa Clara county has filed an opinion with the Board of Supervisors, in which he holds that road fund money can not be transferred to the general fund, or any other fund. The opinion is lengthy and cites much law.—Times-Gazette.

One result which will follow in the wake of the extension of the electric road to San Mateo will be the erection of a magnificent summer hotel in this section, possibly at Coyote Island. The extension of a branch of the road to the beach is a foregone conclusion.—San Mateo Leader.

Judge Buck has granted a writ of habeas corpus in the case of James Hurst, the hackman committed last week for refusing to take out a county license. The writ was made returnable on the 29th instant and the defendant was released on his own recognizance. Judge Lorigan of San Jose will sit in the Superior Court and hear the merits of the case.—Redwood City Democrat.

The suit of James Curran against Dave Ring and George Haube to recover \$260 for board of men and horses at the former's ranch was begun in the Justice Court Saturday, Judge Cunningham of South San Francisco presiding. Nearly all witnesses for the plaintiff were examined when a continuance was taken until next Saturday.—Times-Gazette.

Yesterday the Supreme Court rendered a decision in the Flannely case, denying him a new trial and affirming the rulings of Judge Lorrigan. Flannely will be brought back to Santa Clara county to be resentenced. The case has been in the Supreme Court nearly two years. Flannely will now be hanged for the murder of his aged father in this city in 1897.—Times-Gazette.

On Monday, about 9:30 p. m., the British ship City of Florence went on the rocks of Montara reef, at Halfmoon Bay. The officers and crew of twenty-seven men took to the life boats and reached San Francisco on Tuesday. The ship filled rapidly after striking and within ten minutes had seven feet of water in her hold. When daylight came the new wreck could be seen by the people of Halfmoon Bay lying about a quarter of a mile north of the wreck of the New York, caught on these treacherous rocks about two years ago.

William Sheridan and George Smith, two pickpockets who were caught in the act of unscrewing a diamond stud valued at \$300 from W. H. Wright's scarf at Tanforan last Saturday, will be tried at Baden Friday. It is probable that the thieves will plead guilty to petit larceny and take a term in jail. Officer Green, who arrested them, explained how they were working yesterday. He said one pickpocket was standing on one side of Mr. Wright and holding a paper in front of his breast and the other one, who was on the other side had his hand under the paper and on the valuable stone. It was nearly unfastened when Green grabbed both men and took them away to jail.—S. F. Bulletin.

Starter Caldwell's work at Tanforan during the past week has been something for the supporters of the recall flag to ponder over. At no time in the history of racing in California has there been such good work done by a starter as that given to the public by Mr. Caldwell at Tanforan. All fields and bad actors looked alike to him, and without any delay whatever the horses are lined up and sent on their journey to a good start. Out of the thirty-seven run off last week there was in one race a delay of ten minutes. All the others were sent away at an average of one minute at the post. The secret of his good work is his power over the jockeys. They all know that they will be punished if they do not behave well after they get there. They also know that there is not going to be a delay and they line up promptly and are watching for the word. The "Prince" is still the Prince.—S. F. Bulletin, March 18th.

SENT TO THE HOSPITAL.

Tom Horn was taken to the French hospital in San Francisco yesterday to undergo an operation for the cure of a serious illness that has troubled him since his return from Manila. Local physicians have diagnosed his complaint as an affection of the lungs and liver, due to the malarious climate of the Philippines, which is gradually undermining his constitution. It is hoped that his recovery will be speedy, as no better soldier than Tom ever took up arms in defense of his country's flag.—Redwood City Democrat.

AN UNWILLING BRIDEGRROOM.

Edward F. Sheehan, a resident of Baden has brought suit in the Superior Court to annul his marriage with Katherine Sheehan which took place at Baden, February 3d. The petition says that he was coerced into the union by his mother-in-law and that he has not lived with his wife nor in any way consummated the marriage.—Redwood City Democrat.

THE TANFORAN JUDGES WILL NOT TOLERATE FOUL RIDING.

The disqualification of Ella Boland and The Lady by the Tanforan judges during the past week should help to make the jockeys ride properly in the future. It is an evidence that the officials will not tolerate any rough riding, no matter at what part of the track it takes place. The Lady on Saturday certainly kept the best horse from winning, and there was a good chance of more than one of the horses being badly cut down. Rough or careless or incompetent riding will not be countenanced, as it endangers the life of a jockey as well as the large amount of unnecessary trouble it brings about. If jockeys do not keep their positions after they have straightened out for home they will be punished, and punished severely, for a stop must be put to the practice of crossing and jostling each other. If talking to the boys will not do any good, they will be put on the ground until they see their error and are willing to correct it.—S. F. Bulletin.

UNION COURSING PARK.

At Union Coursing Park on Sunday the San Jose dogs won first and second in the Union Park championship. Flying Fox of Curtis & Sons' kennels captured the high-class champion stake, defeating his kennel mate Luxor, the latter being the favorite at 6 to 1. McKinley, another San Jose dog from the same kennel, won second money in the reserve St. Patrick's day stake.

COUNTY BOARD IN SESSION.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday. All members of the board were present.

A petition signed by J. R. Bickford and others was read asking that the three lots lying between First and Second avenues in the City Homestead, San Mateo, be closed. Coleman offered a resolution fixing the date of hearing petition for April 16th, and same was duly adopted.

The petition of P. P. Chamberlain and others urging the board to pass an

ordinance changing the open season for catching trout from April 1st to May 15th was read. The District Attorney presented an ordinance making it lawful to catch trout in the streams of the county from November 1st to May 1st of the following year. On motion of DeBenedetti the ordinance was unanimously adopted. The District Attorney was instructed to prepare a resolution for the next meeting of the board offering a reward of \$25 for the arrest and conviction of any one caught violating the provisions of the ordinance.

A communication was read from the State Board of Examiners stating that the claims of the county for orphans amounting to \$556 had been allowed by the board. The letter was referred back to the board for further information.

The report of W. B. Gilbert, B. F. Yount and William Cronin, viewers appointed to lay out and survey the proposed new Whipple road in the Second township was received. The Annie Johnston estate was awarded damages in the sum of \$490, and the amount estimated to construct the road was placed at \$965, April 16th was the time set for hearing the report.

The committee appointed to report on the condition of the West Union road was given further time to make a report.

Attorney Wood appeared before the board on behalf of the Standard Electric Light Company and requested that action on the company's petition for a franchise be deferred for sixty days. On motion the same was laid over for final action to May 21st.

All the disputed claims on Reclamation District No. 543 were laid over until April 2d at the request of G. C. Ross. Also at his request the tree trimming committee was given further time to report.

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Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

DANCING SCHOOL.

Lessons in dancing every Tuesday and Friday evenings at Armour Pavilion. Admission 25 cents.

R. O. Thurman.

The South San Francisco Brass Band will give a grand ball April 21st, 1900.

NOTICE OF COPARTNERSHIP.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That we, the undersigned, have formed a partnership for the purpose of conducting the business of manufacturing and selling brick; that the principal place of business of said partnership is South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California; and that said partnership and business will be conducted and carried on under the name and style of "South San Francisco Brick Company," and that the names and residence of each and all of said partners are as follows, to-wit:

Guy Wyant, residing at South San Francisco, California.
Charles A. Scherlin, residing at South San Francisco, California.
Dated March 1st, 1900.
GUY WYANT.
CHARLES A. SCHERLIN.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is fairly active and prices steady.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easier prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at steady prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at strong prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are as follows (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 fat steers 8½¢; second quality, 8¢; Thin steers 7¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 6½¢; Thin cows, 5¢; Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 150 lbs and under 22¢; over 150 to 250 lbs 23¢; over 250 to 300 lbs 24¢; rough heavy hogs, 14¢; 5¢.

Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 4½¢; Ewes, 4¼¢; Shorn Sheep ¼¢ less. Fall Lambs, 4½¢; live wt. Spring Lambs, 5½¢; live wt. Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5¢; over 250 lbs 4½¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

Beef—First quality steers, 7¢; second quality, 6½¢; Third quality 5½¢; First quality cows and heifers, 6¢; second quality 5½¢; Third quality, 5¢; Veal—Large, 7½¢; small, 8¢; Mutton—Wethers, 7¢; ewes, 6½¢; Fall Lambs, 7½¢; This Spring Lambs, 10¢; 12¢.

Dressed Hogs—Hard, 8¢; 8½¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13¢; picnic hams, 9½¢; Atlanta ham, 9½¢; New York, shoulder, 9½¢.

Bacon—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 13½¢; light S. C. bacon, 12½¢; med. bacon, clear, 9½¢; L. med. bacon, clear, 10¢; clear light, 11¢; clear ex. light bacon, 12¢.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$14 50; do, hf-bbl, \$7 50; Family beef, bbl, \$13 50; hf-bbl, \$7 00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13 00; do hf-bbl, \$6 75.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 8½¢; do, light, 9½¢; do, Bellies, 9½¢; Extra Clear, bbls, \$17 50; hf-bbls, \$9 00; Sliced Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 75; do, kits, \$1 35.

Lard—Prices are as follows:

Tcs. ¼-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 7 7½ 7¼ 7¾ 7½ Cal. pure 8 8¼ 8½ 8¾ 8½ In 5-lb tins the price on each is ¼¢ higher on a 5-lb tin.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2 60; 1s \$1 55; Roast Beef, 2s \$2 60; 1s, \$1 55.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

DO YOU WANT

to repair your old - - - to paper your old to alter or enlarge your - to see plans for 4 rooms & bath \$150 down and \$11 per month If so, see J. F. LYMAN, Carpenter Shop GRAND AVENUE

HOUSE ? ?

WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND HONEST persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$200 a year and expenses. Straight, bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 3, Chicago.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

NOTICE.

Patrons of the Postoffice at this place will please take notice that hereafter no money orders will be issued after 6:30 o'clock, p. m. E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

House Moving

Teaming Grading

CONTRACTING.

J. G. Stout,

South San Francisco, Cal.

IF YOU WANT

GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

South San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL

HENRY MICHENFELDER: Proprietor

Table and Accommodations The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

South San Francisco, Cal.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

WESTERN TURF ASSOCIATION TANFORAN PARK

FOURTH MEETING:

February 12th to 24th, 1900, inclusive.

SIX HIGH-CLASS RUNNING RACES EVERY WEEK DAY,

Rain or Shine, Beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter racetrack of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb grand stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend Sts. at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 a. m., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 p. m., returning immediately after last race at 4:45 p. m. Rear cars reserved for women and their escorts. No smoking. Valencia street cars 10 minutes later.

SAN JOSE AND WAY STATIONS—Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 p. m. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 p. m.

RATES—San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to track, \$1.25.

W. J. MARTIN, President.

F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Mgr.

United States Laundry.

Office, 1004 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

First-Class Work Guaranteed. Moderate Rates.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco, on Tuesdays and Fridays every week.

J. T. CASEY, Agent.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

SPEAKING ABOUT BRICKS!

Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys

—AT KILN PRICES—

Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money Plans and estimates of brick houses and dwellings furnished on application at prices to suit.

BADEN BRICK COMPANY

South San Francisco, Cal.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Suppose for every act of love and duty
An angel in the path of life should lay
A lovely rose of sweet perfume and beauty—
Ah, even then, how bare would be the way!

Suppose for every kindly word unspoken,
For every fault which careless hands
Had done,
For every resolution made and broken,
A thorn beneath our erring feet had grown—

Ah! then the way would be one stretch of
anguish.
With only here and there a flower to
cheer.
Our feet would falter and our spirits
languish,
And life would be a burden hard to
bear.

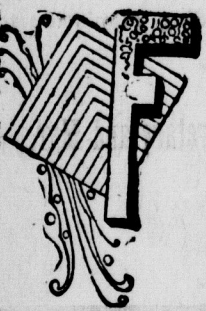
But seldom are we outwardly rewarded
According to the deeds which we have
done.
"The pure in heart" are by the world
discarded;
The wicked harvest where the good
have sown.

And yet to every heart in darkness hid-
den
There comes an angel, whom we cannot
see,
Who strives to keep us from the paths
forbidden,
And in the narrow way where faith
may be.

His name is Conscience, and he brings us
roses,
Sweet roses, borrowed from the brow
of Peace,
Or thorns on which remorseful thought
reposes,
Regrets whose sharp tormentings never
cease.

Then let us strive temptation's storm to
weather.
Let every thought and every deed im-
prove,
Till Conscience finds no cruel thorns to
gather,
But crosses the soul with joy, and
peace, and love.
—Richmond Religious Herald.

Under Orchard Boughs.



the latter part of February, was rag-
ing, and forbade him to venture out.
Tired with the unwanted inaction of
the past two days, the editor's thoughts
turned to his work, and he began to
consider the make-up of the number
now in preparation.

"I'm not quite satisfied with the May
number," he murmured. "It's a little
heavy for May; there ought to be more
of the light and life and blossoming
of May in it. Now, those 'Pastelles'—
we haven't any really good spring
story in them."

"The 'Pastelles,' a new department
of the magazine, were short sketches,
with hardly plot enough to be called
stories; sometimes a light character
study—a delicate word painting of
some aspect of nature.

Mr. Ashcroft took an art calendar
from the wall by his side and turned
the leaves until he came to the May
page. The picture was an excellent
copy of a water color painting. It re-
presented an orchard of apple trees, cov-
ered with their pink and white bloom.
A young girl stood under one of the
trees, leaning gracefully against the
gnarled trunk, her hands clasped loose-
ly before her. The whole was delicate-
ly tinted, and seemed almost to carry
with it a faint fragrance of the blos-
som-ben May.

His thought went back to the village
of Raynor, where he had spent a few
months years ago. Some college prank
had brought him into trouble with the
faculty, and he had been suspended
for four months. His father had sent
him to the little Connecticut village to
spend the time with an old college
classmate.

One of the village girls, shy little
Faith Thorne, had from the first held
captive his boyish fancy. As he came
to know her better, her influence in-
creased, and he said to himself that he
had found the pearl among women.
Brought up in a Quaker household, for
Faith was an orphan and lived with
her grandparents, a certain quaintness,
a child-like simplicity and directness,
made her seem unlike the other merry,
chattering country lasses.

Little by little he and Faith came to
be more and more to each other; the
wild rose flush in her cheeks deepened
when he was by, a sweet shyness made
the blue eyes droop before his.

She would not let him bind himself
by any promise; they were both too
young, she said. He must go away
now, finish his college course with hon-
or, and then, when he had taken the
place waiting for him in his father's
office, he might come again to Raynor,
and he would find her waiting for him.

So, on this afternoon, with the Feb-
ruary storm raging without, Ford Ash-
croft's thoughts went back and lingered
on the springtime idyl of those long
ago years. Could it be twelve years—
Faith would be 29 now, but somehow
he could not think of her as looking
much older than the young girl he had
left in the orchard. Surely she had
not lost that pure, child-like face—a
little older, perhaps, a little sadder,
but still with those innocent, wistful
eyes. And he—well—he was 34; he had

of city life.

"It would make a good 'Pastelle,'" he finally remarked, and turned to his desk, took up his pen and began to write. Slowly at first, then, as the past seemed to come nearer, his pen moved more rapidly over the page. He told of the college youth in the little village, of the shy maiden who won his boyish heart; he described the old orchard with its glory of apple blossoms; he seemed almost to inhale their delicate fragrance as he wrote. The whole pretty idyl was old in simple words, but with such exquisite art that one who read might almost see the pretty picture of the girl Faith, with her pure, trustful eyes, and the boyish lover who bent to kiss her cheek be-
neath the orchard boughs. Then the story of the young lover who went away, who grew older and sterner, who struggled and won—and forgot.
After a while he took the pen and wrote again.

A month later the editor was startled to find among his personal mail at the office an envelope bearing the postmark of Raynor.

"My Dear Ford: I have read the story, 'Under Orchard Boughs,' in the Now-a-Days, and though you have changed the names of the people and of the place I knew at once that it was our story. But, dear, you should not have ended it as you did. When Fred Reynolds falls asleep in the little railway station, where he is waiting for his train, and the young girl comes in with her armful of apple blossoms, whose fragrance, stealing into his dreams, makes him fancy himself once more in the old orchard; when he wakes to find it but a dream, and knows at last the one thing his life has lacked in the midst of its seeming prosperity; when, seized with a sudden heart-sick longing for a sight of the Faith he had known, he rushes to the ticket office and asks for a ticket to the little village; ah, Ford, why did you not let him carry out his first impulse, why did you make him hesitate and turn his back on the hope he might have made his own?"

"I cannot say more than this—if you care to come to Raynor you will find me waiting in the old orchard, and you will find me still."

"FAITH THORNE."

Ford Ashcroft crushed the letter in his hand with a muttered imprecation. "Coward!" he said to himself fiercely. "Couldn't I have found enough literary material without dragging poor little Faith into print? It was a dastardly thing to do, but who would have thought she would have seen the thing And now—"

He hastily put the letter in his pocket as the sound of voices was heard in the hall. The next moment the door was thrown open and two children rushed in, the older one exclaiming breath-
lessly, "Papa, papa, the carriage has come, and mamma is ready, and you said you'd go to visit us to-day, 'cause it's my birthday, and I'm 6 years old."

Ashcroft picked up the child and gave her half a dozen kisses in honor of the day. Then he went for a drive with his wife and little ones, the pathetic letter from Faith Thorne still in his pocket.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Land of Windmills.

Great flapping sails all over the land make Holland look as if a flock of huge sea birds were just settling upon it. There are said to be at least 10,000 of these windmills in Holland. They are employed in sawing timber, beating hemp, grinding corn and many other kinds of work; but their principal use is for pumping water from the low-lands into the canals and for guarding against the inland freshets that so often deluge the country. Many of the windmills are quite simple affairs, but some of the new ones are admirable. They are so constructed that by an ingenious contrivance they present their fans or wings to the wind in precisely the right direction to work with the requisite power. In other words, the miller may indulge in a quiet lit-
tle sleep and leave his mill to study the winds and make the most of them without his assistance.

If there is only a little wind every sail will spread itself to make the most of it; but if a big "blow" should come, they will all shrink up and give it only half a chance to move them. If you want to see windmills in all their glory, you must pay a visit to the land of windmills.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Umbrella Bird.

The umbrella bird, which has some resemblance to a crow both in size and plumage, is so called from a wide crest which spreads out above its head like a parasol. This crest is composed of long slender feathers, rising from a contractile skin on the top of the head. The shafts are white, and the plumage glossy blue, hair-like, and curved outward at the tip. When the crest is laid back the shafts from a compact white mass sloping up from the top of the head, and surmounted by the dense hairy plumes, but when fully spread the top forms a perfect, slightly elongated dome, of a beautiful shining blue color. The length of this dome from front to back is about five inches, the breadth four to four and a half inches. This bird is a native of the islands of the South American rivers, being seldom if ever seen on the mainland.

A Gigantic Moth.

The largest insect known to ento-
mologists is a Central American moth, called the Erebus Strix, which expands its wings from eleven to eighteen inches.

Nature intended that people should be unlucky; more twin babies are born

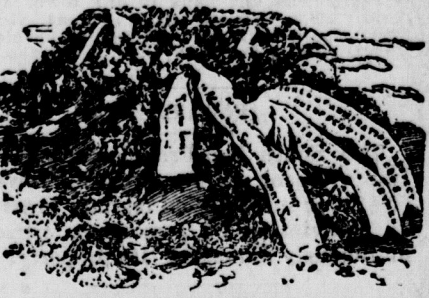
WHERE BRAVE HIGHLANDERS LIE BURIED.



GRAVES OF THE BLACK WATCH (HIGHLANDERS) KILLED AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

Three hundred yards to the rear of the little township of Modder River, on Dec. 13, some fifty Highlanders, who had fallen with their general, were buried. The bodies of Gen. Wauchope and other officers were interred in front of the graves of the soldiers. The situation of the graves is picturesque. To the west lies the broad river fringed with trees, to the east lie the heights held by the enemy, while north and south the undulating veldt stretches out to the horizon.

Gen. A. G. Wauchope, lately commanding the Highland Brigade with Lord Me-



GRAVE OF GEN. WAUCHOPE.

thuen's force, who was killed at the battle of Magersfontein, was first buried on the battlefield by the side of his brave men who also fell in the battle. How-
ever, the Hon. J. D. Logan, M. L. A., of Matiesfontein, thinking rightly that the late general's family would be anxious, at some future date, to arrange for the reinterment of the body, offered to have it transferred to his own cemetery temporarily. Accordingly, the body was exhumed, and was sent down, in charge of some officers, including Capt. Rennie, A. D. C. to the late general, and Mr. Logna-

"FIGHTING MAC."

New Commander of the Highland Brigade Is a Fearless Soldier.
"Fighting Mac" is the name by which Brig. Gen. Hector Macdonald, who succeeded Gen. Wauchope as the commander of the Highland Brigade, is known in the annals of the British army. He is an ideal soldier and brave as a lion.

Macdonald has never forgotten Ma-
juba Hill, says an English writer in giving a summary of the Scotch soldier's characteristics. Though taken prisoner on that day he remained to the end unbent, for when after a desperate resistance he was at last un-
armed and a couple of Boers ran at him, Macdonald met them with his naked fists and his assailants went reeling back. Finding him so hard to tackle, they were for putting a bullet through his head, but a Boer with an appreciation of pluck intervened.

"No," he said, "this is a brave man, and we shall spare him. Let us take him prisoner, at all hazards."

Bennett Burleigh holds that Macdonald has just that touch of genius which



BRIG. GEN. HECTOR MACDONALD.

distinguishes the great soldier from the good one. Undoubtedly he has the capacity for taking infinite pains. The grind of work he has been through in the Sudan, "making riflemen from mud," probably no one but himself knows. It is to him and to men like him that the new Egyptian army owes its existence to-day, and the results were for all the world to see at the Atbara and at Omdurman.

He is a stern disciplinarian, sparing no man, himself least of all, but he is adored by every black Sudanese and brown "Gippy" who ever followed him into battle; for he is a leader after their own hearts.

In spite, however, of the warm liking he inspires in those above and under him, it is on record that some of his dusky Sudanese once mutinied against him. Macdonald's method of dealing with the outbreak once again illustrates the man. His regiment had of necessity to make long forced marches under the fierce desert sun, and the conditions were so hard that the men became mutinous. One day during the march Macdonald heard two or three of the native soldiers saying: "Wait till the next night and I will take care that this slave driver of a colonel does not come out alive. I myself will shoot him."

Macdonald recognized the men by their voices, called a halt and sternly ordered the culprits to step out from the ranks. Facing them he cried: "Now, you are the men who are going to shoot me in the next night. Why wait so long? Why do not do it now? Here I am, shoot me—if you dare!" The rebels grounded their arms in sudden silence.

who went up with the coffin. The body arrived at Matiesfontein on Dec. 27. Magersfontein is on the line of railway between Cape Town and De Aar junctions. Next morning the train with the body, its escort and many mourners moved out of the station to travel to the cemetery, which is situated four miles away from the little town. It was only a run of but a few minutes, and then the procession started across the Karroo. The Karroo is often said to be dreary and dull. To some, however, it is far otherwise. The desolate, flat-topped hills boldly cut out from the horizon and overlooking the silent plains below, have a grave majesty of their own. A more imposing background to that mournful procession following the body of the Highland chieftain could not well be imagined. The body was placed on a gun carriage, and was escorted by 195 officers and men, including some of late general's brigade, and attended by the band of the Duke of Edinburgh's Own volunteers and the pipers of the Cape Town Highlanders. When the procession began to move the stillness of the Karroo was broken by the strains of the band. At length the cemetery was reached, and the coffin was carried by men of the Second Black Watch to the church. The first part of the service was conducted by the Rev. B. Price, chaplain to the volunteers along the lines of communication, and the second portion by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, chaplain to the Highland Brigade (who chaplain to the general's body). Three volleys were fired over the grave, which was surrounded by beautiful wreaths, and the sad ceremony was over. The illustrations are from photographs by E. D. Edgecombe, Beaufort West, in the London Illustrated News.

"Why don't you shoot?" asked the colonel.

"Because you don't seem to care whether you die or not," and that reluctant answer explained the secret of Macdonald's power over half savage soldiers. There was no more grumbling, and the same men and others like them followed him devotedly through the battles of Gomalzah, Tosi, Afafit, Ferkeh, Atbara and Omdurman.

DEATH'S HEAD MOTHS.

Superstitious Dread with Which They Are Regarded in Poland.

Butterflies may mean much in the way of auguries. The variegated ones, of bright coloring, are fortunate, especially if fluttering near the wayfarer. But the bronze butterfly, or moth, is not lucky. Of all the race, however, the most dreaded as an augury is what is commonly known as "death's head moth." People who are very firm of nerve in other matters have often been much agitated in finding one of these in a room. The villager does not simply augur death from the likeness to the skull in the marking of the back, but various minor misfortunes. This moth (whose scientific name, *Acherontia atropos*, is sufficiently grim) is a very large one, and, flying into cottage rooms and making for the candle, often extinguishes it, which doubles the terror of omen. It is worth while recalling to mind, in view of the gloomy auguries which in many places accompany the moth's appearance, the fear it excited in parts of Poland in 1824. It swarmed in the potato fields—these and jasmine plants being its favorite haunts—and at dusk into open cottage windows.

The noise peculiar to the moth be-
came to the terrified peasantry a voice of anguish, and when it flew into the light and extinguished it they anticipated war, pestilence, hunger and death to man and beast; in fact, the wildest horror, as described in the contemporary accounts, overspread in that year a very wide district. Even now, however, so many decades later, and in much less impressionable rural England, the aspect of the moth and its sounds are seen and heard with dread. From the yellow and brown tailed moths, too, similar, though less terrible, omens are deduced. Possibly the markings on the back of the death's head moth, which are sufficiently startling to a nervous person or invalid when unexpectedly seen, account in some degree for the ill omen which its appearance is deemed to be.—Gentleman's Magazine.

"A Southern Gentleman, Sah."
John R. Kendrick, Jr., who was born in the South and who makes frequent trips to South Carolina and Georgia, is a keen observer of people and customs. "The most incomprehensible being in the world," he remarked the other day, "is that peculiar type of person who describes himself as a 'Southern gentleman, sah.' The simplest 'gentleman' has no meaning; at all. But a 'Southern gentleman' is quite another matter. On my last visit to Atlanta I met an old chap who was as garrulous as he was proud of his lineage, and who was as poor as he was proud. During our conversation he said so much about Southern gentlemen that I made bold to ask him for a definition of the term. 'A Southern gentleman, sah,' he remarked with great pomp, 'is a man who has never permitted anybody else to shave him and who has never blacked his own boots.'"—Philadelphia Record.

When a school teacher bakes a cake, everybody wants to taste it.

CHOOSING A CALLING.

WHAT SHALL THE BOY'S PROFESSION BE?

A Question in Which Parents Have a Lively Interest—They Should Remember, However, that the Young Man Is the One Most Interested.

Among the questions which most closely touch the heart life of the home, which are most earnestly and tenderly discussed by the fire on the hearth, none takes precedence of that very important one, Which profession shall my boy choose? The boy is in college—at Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton, or he is in a Western university, or it may be he is doing post-graduate work across the ocean, in Oxford or Berlin. Wherever he may be enrolled as a student, however, to himself and his comrades he seems a man, to the anxious parents who are trying to forecast his future he is still their laddie, the object of their dearest solicitude, and, secretly or openly, the possession in which they take most pleasure and pride. He and they are confronted with no slight difficulty when the question to be decided, balancing sometimes on the slender edge of a hair, is whether the son of the house shall enter business or study for some liberal avocation—for the law, or medicine, or journalism. If the boy has already chosen for himself, if he has a decided preference for the ministry of religion, or if his career, imperatively beckoning, has secured its initiative for army or navy at one of the great schools, West Point or Annapolis, the thing is practically arranged as to the present. What is to come hereafter will depend largely on the stuff in the boy, and, in lesser degree, on the opportunities he may meet after his preliminary training is over.

The majority of cases are not so easily and agreeably adjusted. Parents see, or think they see, that their sons have special fitness along certain lines; the boys themselves are pulled another way. Young men, brought up in plain homes, with limited means, find beside them, shoulder to shoulder in their college life, other young men, equally gifted, equally ambitious, equally clean of life and pure of aim, who have what appears to the poorer ones a tremendous advantage—plenty of money. That it is not necessarily the advantage it seems does not occur to the often impecunious and always cramped and inconvenienced student, who feels day by day the clog of an easily emptied pocketbook. His strong desire is to plunge at once in medias res, in the business world, to make money, and to make it rapidly. Agghast at the years of study required in the medical or the law school, the lad declares against what he regards as the folly of delay and disappoints the hopes of the father and mother who have always meant him for a learned profession. He may be right; they may be wrong. Who can predict? Only time can solve the question.

A boy is meant by nature for a scientific student or for an artist. His father, successful, shrewd, clever, has no patience with the thoughtful investigator, no consideration for the dreamer of dreams. Here is the golden chance the boy opposite would covet and appreciate; it is lost on the poet, on the student, on the man cut out for books and quiet and a cloistered existence. Again, there is friction in the home, and puzzled faces frown round the glowing hearth.

A counsel of prudence in these very common crises is, Wait. Do not force events. Leave something to divine providence. Trust the boy whom you have brought up, and guide, never seek to drive, him at that parting of the ways which most of all is his personal and vital concern.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Collier's Weekly.

A GUNNER AT COLENSO.

His Experience in the Face of a Fearful Fire.

Bombardier Stephenson of the Sixty-sixth battery has sent to his relatives at Manchester an account of the attempt to save the guns at Colenso, says the London Leader. The following are extracts: "When I tell you I was the only man of a gun detachment and three drivers (making twelve men altogether) to return safe out of that hell fire, you will wonder why and how I got through it. . . . The range was 1,200 yards and our gunners and officers worked at those guns as if on parade. Then the enemy's artillery opened fire. I was the lead driver of No. 5 gun, and we were right in the center of the two batteries, and there we stood facing the guns, exposed to all that fire for nearly three hours. It was after we had lost half of our drivers and horses that we found a donga, exactly 1,000 yards from the enemy's position; we unhooked the horses we had left, and every man, as cool as a cucumber, walked his horse into this donga. We had to leave several horses on the bank, and they were instantly shot dead. It was while doing this that I nearly lost my life.

"While we were in this donga Gen. Buller galloped up and told us to try to save the guns at all costs. He was as cool as ever. It was just at that moment my center driver got shot in the head. When one got shot it left myself and the wheel driver with six horses, and we had to go and face death to try to capture our gun. I unhooked the center horses, and we started off at a mad gallop with four horses in the limber; and, just as we were about sixty yards from the guns, both of my horses were shot dead under me, and the wheel driver was shot in the leg. . . . I crawled from under my rider and considered what I should do. I wanted to get to the gun,

as I had got so far, but I had two dead horses and they were hooked to the other two. While I lay trying to get the horses unhooked I became aware that my wheel driver was shot.

"Then," continued the gallant gunner, "I cut the harness away from the dead horses and freed the other two. Just as I was going to mount these other horses the rider got shot. I had one live horse left, which was hooked to a limber, and it was behind those horses and limber I lay for three and a half hours. Another team of four horses started off at mad gallop to try to reach the guns; but the horses ran straight into my dead horses and would not move an inch. I told the two drivers to crawl up against me for more protection. Up comes a trumpeter with two horses to try to reach the major, but he was shot in the ankle, and fell from his saddle. He also crawled up to where I lay; that made three of us unhurt and two wounded. The wheel driver, who came up with me and was shot in the leg, got shot again through the left cheek and died immediately." At last these heroes made a run for it, and after many escapes safely reached the camp.

QUER STORIES

The most valuable book in the world is the Hebrew Bible. At the Vatican, in 1512, the Jews tried to buy it of Pope Julius II. for its weight in gold. It is so large and heavy that two men can hardly lift it, and it would have brought \$100,000 if the Pope had consented to part with it.

Many things are reversed in Australia. It is summer there while it is winter in Great Britain. Trees shed their bark instead of their leaves; fruit has the stone or kernel outside; swans are black; there is a species of fly that kills and eats the spider, and a fish, called the climbing perch, that walks deliberately out of the water, and, with the aid of its fins, climbs the adjacent trees after the insects that infest them. Most of the birds have no song and the flowers no odor.

One of the most remarkable lakes on earth's surface is situated at Tar Point, on the Island of Trinidad, and bears the suggestive name of Pitch Lake. At first view the surface of this "lake" which is not a lake" gives one the impression that it is a large body of placid water, but a closer examination proves it to be a vast plain covered with hard and hardening pitch. In the winter months the surface of this lake is perfectly smooth and of a consistency sufficient to bear any weight.

Prunes are sold in three sizes. The largest size is called the thirty to forty. This means that thirty to forty of these prunes make a pound. The medium size is forty to fifty, and the small size fifty to sixty. The largest prunes are of course the most valuable. The average price the growers get for their prunes is 3½ cents a pound. An orchard of 250 trees will give a grower an average profit of \$400 a year. An acre will grow about 100 trees, planted with the proper distances, between them. The trees bear the third year after planting and live from ten to twenty years. French prunes pay the best.

What constitutes an accident? A man died not long ago in Vermont in consequence of perforation of the intestine by sharp fragments of some indigestible material swallowed with the food. He was the holder of an accident policy insuring him, according to the usual formula, against "bodily injury sustained through external, violent and accidental means." The company refused to pay on the ground that the man's death was not an accident, but the court decided that this was an accidental injury within the meaning of the policy. In New York State it has been decided that the taking of poison is not an accident in the meaning of a similar insurance policy, but in Illinois the courts have ruled exactly the opposite.

Rhodes' Dream Comes True.

"The deals of Cecil Rhodes are generally profitable, and, though investors are still waiting for their dividends from the Chartered company, that company has a rich asset in Rhodesia and the British empire a flourishing colony," says *Ainslee's Magazine*. "Where once the Kafir king had their place of killing a beautiful town now stands. Mr. Rhodes' dream has come true. When chided with embarking on such a massive undertaking, he replied, quietly: 'In fancy I see people, pointing toward Lobengula's camp, walking through shady avenues.'"

"Not only does Bulawayo have shady avenues, but wide streets, beautiful buildings, tramways, a government house, handsome stores, a race course, a fine clubhouse, and, in every respect, is a modern city of perhaps 4,000. A railroad and telegraph connect it with Cape Town. Both are now being pushed into Central Africa. In the near future another road will open the way to Bevia, on the east coast.

"Where Kafir hordes formerly lived in sluggish indolence or else fought to exterminate one another, towns are now springing up, trees growing, steam plows turning up the soil. A class of human beings dwells here now that H. M. Stanley characterized as the 'pick of Piccadilly in South African costumes.' Everywhere you see signs of Rhodes' handiwork. He pays for experiment in forestry, gardening and irrigation. He hopes by example to teach the native African how to develop the land."

When women hear a man say that he was up in the night with some one who is sick they agree again that all men are liars.

We never knew a promising boy to amount to anything.

Niagara power was used as long ago as 1775, when the French erected a sawmill near the site of the present factory of the Pittsburg Reduction company. It was used for the purpose of supplying sawed lumber for Fort Niagara.

The lady, accustomed to his way, nevertheless pleaded hard. At last he handed her a donation, "on condition that my name does not appear in the paper."

CONSUMPTION

Sarsaparilla

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

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and with three per bottle at the drug store.

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225, 250 or 250 1181, 01, San Francisco, Cal. and from \$100 per bottle at the drug store. 100, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

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Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of

Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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